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2 CENTS POSTAGE

Messrs

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April 24 - Tuesday.

My precious Lonesome Sweetheart -

How do you feel to-day? I thought last night was going to be a sleepless one for me - I could think of nothing but your letter - I wanted so to console and cheer you - and then when I realized how utterly impossible it was - how far apart we were - I became miserable and felt so helpless. and to-day my mind is far removed from my work. Joe, understand that I love you and

Joe, I want you to come home as early as possible; because when once Congress passes on the bill it will immediately be put into force little time will be lost and within a few days everybody will have been called. Try and make arrangements - you know best if you can do so - but come home just as soon as you possibly can.

Last night after I had written your second letter, Rose called me up. What do you think, Joe? Your people are moving back to

we not my assurances enough to prevent you from becoming blue over it? That you should even have the tiniest doubt hurts me - When I told you yes, - I loved you with all my heart, I thought, then - but now I realize that it was only a beginning and since has multiplied and doubled a thousand times. Now, sweetheart, don't be doing me such badly but tell me in your very next letter that you feel fine and tell me too how much you love me.

& B'kly — not so very far from where we live. Oh! was I happy to hear so! I gladly released Rose from her promised visit for next Sunday; but Rose promised to come down some night the following week. Aren't you too, happy that your folks are moving back to B'kly?

While over at Astorm Hall to-day some gentleman sat down to play on the piano. First, Joe, you could have heard him. He was a marvel — from one beautiful selection he would drift into another — unconscious of anyone or anything but the piano. I was sorry when it was time for me to leave for luncheon. Write me that you do not feel so lonesome, your — and remember always how much I love you.